THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIMEON DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
ROBERT PETERSON, }

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1765.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

Suggested while standing under the Colonnade, at "Girard House," Niagara Falls.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY D. FRANK PALMER.

This is Jehovah's Temple—this the Shrine
I view the liquid music rolling, bending
Around the Altar of the Most High God,
And mingling with the deep and mighty sweeping
The low sub-tone, springing from the deep,
Proclaim the power Divine as it rolls onward!
Amid howl—and mingled sweep—
The diapason of the Eye eternal
Standing beneath Niagara's angry flood—
The thundering torrent shrieks me bowing—
Beneath the cataract, down a fall
From the great arches of the gorge resounding
Rolls—
Rolls on, more—more—and more—
Harvey the voice, boiling deep below thee!
The bond is o'er—the liquid prison's free!
Run on! the bo-ulement tone of promise o'er thee.

From yon the hollow of that mighty bend
Where boils the thrusting of the tide—onward
Let not the jarring of the spray-wreathed shroud
Obstruct the course of your devotion!

Roll on, Niagara! great River-king!
Beneath thy sceptre all earth's riders swing
Now reverently, and bends shall ever sing
The Psalm of praise to Him who made thee mighty.

I bow, Niagara, in thy grand streets,
My voice, also speaks in deed and frame and thought
Forever they're then bail, forever reign,
Rolls grand, endless, supreme eternal! Niagara
August 3rd, 1855.

Original Novelet.

THE ONEIDA SISTERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SACRIFICE.

"To conclude,
Isn't it your chief concern?—
Whose every action stems one, your silence: As we join
Both in our deeds and counsels, why not in our cares?
Ah,—Pardon me, see no reserve."

"How now, sir, proud, loud and unthought leapt,
Whom we've put to death?"—SHAKSPEARE.

On the day succeeding the visit to Oasia described in the last chapter, Oneida prevented from joining her at the usual hour, by the arrival at the Fort of a counryman, in the suite of the Marquis De La Fayette, bringing despatches to the garrison, and private letters to himself. The bearer of despatches was a person of importance. The Count De Vaudreuil seems to reside in his favorite city, to take the place of his elder brother, the half imbecile lady to the family title and estates—who was the mother, Oneida knew not. The letter of the Marquis, advising him, in a tone which was considerate and complimentary, of the object and quest of humanity, and rejoin his General, at his head-quarters.

One thing the young Lieut.-nant now saw clear and indisputable, through all his doubts and perplexities—he could no longer remain at the Fort, and the hidden happiness of his earnestly received love, from the stolen interviews, the poetic pleasures and occupations of his unaccounted for hours among?" was abandoned. In spite of his philosophy and boyish love of adventure, there was a pang at his heart as he contemplated all this to himself. On the other hand, he saw that the change which had taken place in his fortunes and position involved a long-desired security for his love, and the removal of all imputation of cowardice or secrecy. His aristocratic father might, and doubtless would be seriously offended by his ingrained marriage,—but would no longer have the power to make his anger felt in disinherited and impoverished. The love of the property went with the title, and was inalienable.

After a little anxious reflection, the Lieutenant determined to confide his whole heart and her story to his friends at the garrison—bring Oasia to the Fort, acknowledge her as his wife before them all, and leave her under their protection, while he should rejoin his General, and prepare a home for a return to France.

His disclosure was received with some surprise, but with more sympathy than disrespect—but, by the female portion of his friends at least, who were women enough to be touched by the poetry and romance, and generous, chivalric spirit, even amid the hard, practical realities, the rigors and rude fortunes of border-life. Oasia was personally beloved by them all, and their admiration was excited to rejoice in the marvellous good fortune which had come to her through the terrible ordeal of genial, barbarous condition to which she had been so unhappily and it seemed to them so unjustly thrown.

They readily promised her husband to treat her as a friend and sister, and to place her new position, but with elderly care and kindness,—and at once, set about preparing a pleasant and comfortable apartment for the young bride.

So long had De Vaudreuil hesitated in making his confession, that he felt it impossible to announce and announce-here, that it was sometime in the afternoon before he set out, with a heart full of tender waiting, to meet his wife. He pursued the familiar woodland path in almost unconscious haste, his mind full of anticipating the surprise of his wife at the village he should bring, and in speculating as to the manner in which the news of his marriage and wedding her would be received with womanly pride and joy, or child-like apprehension and regret.

As he came to sight of the lonely little cabin, he paused for a moment in waiting to announce his coming by a signal—and quickened his steps with a vague feeling of alarm at not seeing one of the dogs usually so carefully barred and faithfully guarded, ajar,—and pushing it open, he saw by her look of terror, mingled with joy on the floor, disarmed, bound, and in a complete state of helplessness. Her own arms were left without use of one hand to reach a large jug of rum, which stood between the two—and they seemed to have availed themselves of the privileges of the same.

De Vaudreuil, half beside himself with terror, rushed into Oasia's apartment, shouting her name. She was not there—so glad voice answered to his call—no smiling face met his joyful, searching gaze! The primitive little bedstead had been evidently disarranged—and the two wretched occupy above the couch had been torn down. Oasia's books, and some articles of apparel were scattered on the floor, and a little cutaway, which he had constructed for her in a corner near the window, was overthrown. The desolation and desecration of the place, and the terrible fear they aroused, so smote upon the heart of Maurice that he turned away from his companions, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud—the direst outcry of that young heart under the sharp discipline of sorrow. It was not only grief and deadly fear which assailed him, but the more bitter and keenless pang of treachery, for the fashions and selfish weakness which had put in peril that innocent and devoted life. But there was no time to give way to regrets and self-accusations—he must summon all his kneeling beside one of the drunken Indians, and bringing his full ear with questions.

In the midst of his heavy stupor, an expression of sullen rage, disgust and shame passed over the face of the savage, as he answered:

"Squaws, squaws, all squaws! Ugh—Alemee let him—knows—not our pow-pow—steal our knives—Alemee give us fire-water, or squaws too much for us. Ugh!"

"God God!" exclaimed De Vaudreuil, across whose brain flashed Oasia's story of "The Lonely"—she is in the hands of that fiend, Gahasoh, and all the she-devils of the tribe!"

On this, he recommenced questioning the savage with more vehemence and assiduity than before; but could gain no more information from him, or his companion. A stupor more deadly than that of drunkenness seemed to be weighing more and more heavily upon their senses—a condition which was soon accounted for by an examination of the little rum yet remaining in the jug, beside them. It was enraged. All that could be done was to pour this out upon the ground—cut the thongs that bound their benumbed limbs, and leave them to sleep themselves sober, as best they would; for De Vaudreuil was in a frenzy of impatience to set out in pursuit of his stolen wife.

Fortunately one of the soldiers in his service knew the way from the Fort to the village of the Oneidas, whither it was conjectured she had been carried—by the Indian trait, and offered to conduct the young officer. Morris cordially grasped his hand, and promised him fifty *Louis d'ors*, if through his means the lost bride should be rescued.

Passing only long enough at the Fort to obtain a small check of provisions and torches for a night-march, the Lieutenant and his two hardy friends set out, just at sunset, encouraged by the good wishes and cheerful prophecies of the garrison.

We will leave them on their toilsome and somewhat perilous march, while we return to Oasia.

Throughout that morning, she had watched and waited for her husband with unusual impatience and anxiety. Two or three times she had been on the point of leaving the cottage and its little enclosure, and taking the direction of the Fort, but was somewhat awed and startled by the sight of a number of Indians, coming from the direction of the village, and by the fear of the perils of the forest, the paths of which she could not distinguish.

It was nearly noon when she first became alarmed by loud talking and confusion in the village—a confusion which, as she listened, was not that of festivity or carousal. She reprimanded there as sternly as she was able, reproaching them for their unfaithfulness to their kind employers, and with much apparent shame and regret, they promised to keep the peace, and forthwith, by their good resolutions soon evaporated before the fiery breath of the tempter—they recommenced their noisy carousing—plenty at first, but finally becoming more noisy and reckless than ever. Oasia began to entertain serious fears of violence, but resolved to deprive them, if possible, of the means of further intoxication. This she had very willingly done, as we have already stated, and was just about to lay her head on the pile of skins, when the door was opened in defiance of her authority, when a few, peculiar call was heard outside the door—Alemee glided into the room, followed by Gahasoh, and the next moment a score of squaws, headed by the tall and powerful form of Gahasoh, poured into the room! The guards were still ostentiously sober to stand on the defensive, and level their muskets against the fiery Amazons—but Alemee, as they afterwards told the Lieutenant, had compared the matter, and had seen cunningly conferred to abstract knife and tomahawk from their belts during a mutual pretence of the gesture of warm embrace, she resigned herself to the fate which she could not avert, and submitted with all the quiet submission of the Christian martyr, than the lofty pride and defiant dignity of her father's race.

Oasia was dressed in the European costume of the period, and her wedding ornaments were all on once—she grasped her sister's arm, and turned her round, calling the attention of the squaws to the rich embroidery of the vest, and the costly pearl ear-drops and bracelets. Suddenly her mood changed, and she tore off the latter, and with scathing contempt—she hurled upon poor Oasia with a torrent of passionate reproaches. She had sold her birth-right and the home of her family for fawning silks and miserable gewgaws—for the filth that was in the hands and the ribbons from her hair, the girdle from her waist, and trampled them under foot—she called upon her nationality, until the cross and chain on darkly scored were menaced;—then, with something of

"The tenor fermenter of the fiere
Forking the mad but lower ones to rage"

—she turned upon the astonished group of her sister, and commanded her to stand back, with a strange power of authority speaking in her voice and manner, and a sudden splendor of womanly pride kindling in her soft eyes, and heightening the color on her cheek, which awed and startled the savages, for a moment. Gahasoh's great heart was touched, as that of a lion is touched by a human voice—he reached it, and the strength of his kind of them to have thrown so much as surprised her captors. Gahasoh's great heart was touched, as that of a lion is touched by a human voice—he reached it, and the strength of

Our Correspondents

Clippings.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, [illegible] 1855.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:—

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. All letters must be post-paid.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its thirty-fourth year, and has between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers.

The contributors to the Post are among the best writers in the Union. We are now publishing

The Oneida Sisters, by Grace Greenwood; which we design following by

Vivia, a Story of Life's Mystery, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Engravings, Original Sketches and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdotes, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, Editorials, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

THE ONEIDA SISTERS.

This week's instalment is called the conclusion—but since the outside went to press, we have received from the author the first of two additional chapters, narrating the after history of the other principal characters in the story. Next week therefore we shall give Chapter VII; and trust we shall receive Chapter VIII and last, in time for the number ensuing.

THE PRO-RUSSIAN VIEW.

We refer our readers to an article among our general news, being a Pro-Russian view of the fall of Sebastopol. In addition to that precious confession, we may quote a few lines from some comments of the New York Tribune. The "Tribune" says:—

In one respect we cannot altogether agree with the view of this letter concerning the continuance of the war. We are told that it has but now commenced, and will be waged henceforth upon a grander scale; but where it is to find its theatre, we do not perceive. The intelligent publicist, whose letter we are commenting on, admits that the Russians will not attempt to regain the Crimea; certainly neither Austria nor Prussia will now be likely to join them against the Western alliance—thus transferring the arena to the Rhine and to Italy; and as for sending another and a more powerful army to resume the last combat on the lower Danube, that would be almost as difficult for the Russian Government and as unprofitable as an attack upon the Crimea. Under these circumstances *the war would seem to be virtually concluded in Europe.* Let the Allies maintain a sufficient force in the Crimea, with reserves at hand to strengthen the Turkish army on the Danube up to the necessary point; and let them occupy the Baltic, the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, as they have done during the past season, and we do not see what Russia can do to help herself. *She will probably not make peace at once on the conditions which the Allies may prescribe; but if they hold out, she must swallow them at last, however hard, unless some unexpected change of fortune should reverse the relative positions of the parties.* But we doubt whether very hard conditions will be imposed upon her; both Palmerston and Napoleon will be inclined to spare her all avoidable humiliation, and there would be nothing to cause surprise in the conclusion of peace before another campaign.

To properly estimate the above statements, the reader should remember that the Tribune is one of those papers which profess to believe that "in the present struggle the cause of Russia is that of civilization, and her defeat an injury to the progress of the world." The reason given by the "Tribune" for holding such a preposterous opinion of the contest, is, as our readers will remember, mainly that England (not France) is an advocate and partial practiser of Free-Trade, while Russia is more Protective in her policy—looking at the matter thus almost entirely from the shop-keeping point of view, and not more than half correct in that. Now as that portion of the American press which sympathizes with Russia, has all along been characterizing the attack on Sebastopol and the Crimea, as an instance of great want of judgment, if not of common sense, it is somewhat amusing and considerably edifying to see them beginning to veer to the opposite extreme, and pronouncing it the wisest policy that the Allies could have adopted!

In the letter of the Pro-Russian statesman of "European celebrity," the reader will find some statements that would seem to denote that a reputation for statesmanship is attained with about the same ease in the old world as in the new. He places his hope now in what the Russians will do "in the *open field.*" Once let them get from behind their stone walls and earth-works, and he thinks they will give the Allies "particular jessie." There's a Solomon for you—of "European, if not universal, reputation." He seems to consider that the Russians have not had fair play yet—but just let them once get an opportunity on a "level field" where they can "manœuver;" and they will teach their opponents that they are fully booked up in all the "modern improvements." It would appear from this European statesman, that it had been the fault of the Allies, and not of the Russians themselves, that they had fought heretofore under the great *disadvantage* of bulwarks and covers.

This same distinguished authority also informs us that "defeats and disasters do not injure the *morale*" of the Russian troops. If he had said that the effect upon their *morale* was considerably slighter than upon troops of a more impulsive and less fanatical character, he would have talked with a greater show of reason. It is only upon machinery, that reverses make absolutely no impression. The Russian soldier, stubborn and impassive as he is, is nevertheless a man, and therefore subject in his degree to the common infirmities of humanity. It is even conjectured by one Pro Russian authority, that the disheartened condition of the Russian troops after such a series of de-

"YOUNG IRELAND."

New Publications.

General News.

A PRO-RUSSIAN STATESMAN.

NEWS ITEMS.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Pacific we have Liverpool dates to the 29th ult.

The British government have received despatches from Gen. Simpson, dated the 19th ult., announcing the capture of the Malakoff and Redan on the 8th inst., when they were abandoned by the Russians. The attack commenced on the 5th, and continued with unabated vigor until the 8th, when the Russians retired to the north side. The allies occupied the Malakoff and Redan without opposition. The Russians destroyed the docks, arsenals, and all the public buildings, and blew up the docks and fortifications. The allies had not crossed the harbor. The Russians are reported to have retired to the north side in small detachments, and to have previously removed the wounded. The allies had not pursued the Russians. The Russian loss is estimated at 20,000 men. The allies had lost about 10,000 men.

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Prices.—A Boston gentleman, who has been in Europe for the last six months, writes to a friend that the fall of Sebastopol, in his opinion, will not reduce the price of flour. He says that the harvest in France is a failure, and that the crops in England are not more than half an average. He says that flour is now selling in Liverpool at $12 per barrel, and that he thinks it will go to $15 before the end of winter.

Lord Palmerston's Address to the Army.—In the fall of Sebastopol, his Majesty thanks the army for the valor and discipline displayed by them in the assault, and for the courage with which they have endured the severities of the winter. He thanks the Russian army for the gallantry with which they have defended Sebastopol, and for the obstinate resistance which they have opposed to the progress of the allies. He thanks the navy for the assistance rendered to the army during the siege, and for the protection afforded to the transports. He thanks the commanders and officers of the army and navy for the skill and courage displayed by them in the conduct of the siege.

Lord Raglan.—The London Times says:—"Lord Raglan has not been seen abroad since the fall of Sebastopol. He has been confined to his bed by illness, and is now suffering from a severe attack of dysentery. He is attended by Dr. Hall, who has been sent out by the government for the purpose."

Selected Poetry.

A STORY OF SCHOOL.

BY WILLIAM H. HART.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

THOUGHTS FROM MY GARDEN SEAT.

Morning glories!—one, two, three, four, five varieties! pink blue, white, striped, and the glowing crimson, and white flecked with blue and crimson—airy as the clouds, with a living transparent brightness in their cups, as if they were waves of light and air. Other flowers have their glories, some their richness, others their development—of nature's fullness, of slow decay; the morning-glory is new every morning. It has only a few hours' life, and then closes forever, and instead of a half-withered, slowly-decaying flower, there is a perfect bud, with a new calm, sprung up by one magic touch from the wand of night. Ages ago, the Hebrew poet said of the flowers of the field, that the crown and emblem of all beauty, His mercies are new every morning.

These morning-glories in their unrained transparence, and yet their strange richness of beauty, are a living emblem of that infinity which God shows us, daily, when we take away the curtain of death of sleep of the long hour of life, a new present of all its adornments and its use.

Our garden is a perfect jungle of Petunias. That flower, so encouraging to the roots of its neighbors, so hopeful, so bright, so fully of fruitfulness, so persevering in bloom that no extinction can possibly extinguish it. We have taken from this flower a hundred lessons, and from nothing in blossoms all summer, cut it down or our weather garden may be said to be in bloom then with new vigor all winter, and when spring comes go back into the ground and never set in a blight, without the germs of new glories of resurrection. Ah! how few among our living friends are there that are perfect of patience. How and then one we have met, whose life is a perfect example of that flower. We have no virtues that can take care of themselves, and smile in the midst of circumstances.

Verbenas also, are an encouraging growth, repairing only sunshine enough for watering blooms. Pinks with shaded centres, and with centre those, for they will not blossom without a plenary fullness of sunlight. Two shades red and best, they success can have, and they let their heads to it with an exultant glow; they are like rich, genius, artistic natures, which reveal in congenial warmth and culture, but become cold, melancholies, and retiring in the shaded, unpenial existence. Many persons can be more be judged of to such situations, they can be virtuous much some of us are grudgingly are fond of planting in shady borders under the drip of evergreens, "I am not for beauty about the thing," they say; "it's a miserable, yellow, lank growing time—without form or nourishment." Very true, friend, give it sunshine, and you will see what it can do—some of the most gorgeous and splendid blossoms ever seahored what was in them in bloom; and there may be the future life be glorious blossoms on plants which seemed poor and almost barren.

But, oh! these weeds! what, only a week since garden beds and alleys were faithfully cleaned, and now behold!

Not one word about these weeds. A friend said to us the other day, Does it not seem a piece of mockery to enter on a piece of ground and vehemently uproot and destroy everything that has been instilled in place there, and insist on the growth of something which apparently she never very little shape? Why does not the thistle aggressive, lady-slipper, the cypress vines, are not nature's pasts—she cultivates a garden with a few many lovely weeds as hardock, pigweed, and smartweed! There are her fertile children; our so-called flowers are but step-mothers, artificial and unnatural brought up. What makes the thing a weed, and makes a flower? We have seen a garden in a broken patch by the sand and dust of the wayside, weeds faster than some green-house ruminings. What is a weed? Simply, what is the cherished exotic of another. Our asters flowers are in English gardens, under the cognomen of the American velvet plant, and the will knock at her money is our green house variety.

We have thought sometimes that flowers, could they speak, would confess of this or the prudent standard of rejection. But the same thing runs through the living world. Here is one Mr. A. who is broad and fat, a coarse talker, a loud laugher, a hearty feeder, and hates is another Mr. B. who is just the same—but the world calls one of them a flower, and the other a weed. One is the rich Mr. A., and the other is the poor Mr. A., and that makes all the difference. One is designated as a one has great effort as a weed and the other. One is incredibly vulgar—the other is "a peculiar and original" character, and is the life of the garden party, and the chief table-wood.

We confess to certain ransomful yearnings in favor of weeds, when we observe the particular sensibility with which nature endeavors to give them a foothold in the world. Here is a believer in universal toleration and freedom of development! It is evident to his conscience to give pigweed and poorly no chance! Pigweed has his esthetic merits! Is he! is it! good, to! he becomes even a chapel rich. Is not will examine the pink leaves of a very young pigweed through a microscope, and he will there found with a glowering incredible, and the most brilliant beauty. A few

City Scenes.

GREENUN, ON HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY, TAKES A WARM BATH.

"Hello! Bill! Here! Somebody! I've turned on the hot water, and I can't turn it off again!"

spankies of dew lying cradled in those pink leaves, have often stayed our hand in full pleasure at wrestling the weed from its dewy bed, should this be only a weed? About mid-summer, now, the question is scarce necessary. We see no grass, on the palace—his interest of a thing too, with dull spots—but dowdy of a dirty! this, like others of our vices, has its place too to be a weed by nature as well as pollution.

One of our own ideas of a garden is a certain wild abandon or freedom of growth; we do not like that one should be weeded and hedged. Trim gardens, where every plant is propped and tied, and divided with mathematical nicety in their own beauty, but there is no at least no freedom. Nature has her own way of doing things, and twice, and might together in that of natural and pleasant ones. Perhaps, nothing, but we feel that the ground is scarcely to be used for any purpose of mere and Asiatic—vine interlaces, they not, and run, and blossom in each other's embrace, as if they grew in a meadow. Here and there, a lordly vine, if he have any unpossessing points, is allowed a stake, unless some particularly young gentleman desires for etiquette, pulls him up in our absence. Humming birds and sparrows come in great numbers to our garden, and every day we explore the jungle we find some new delightful.

This humming-bird! child of air and light, winged jewel! ethereal vision! what shall we say of him? Imperceptible as a sunbeam, and as the sensitive in the garden, should deliver to her chicks an opinion of him.

Standing on our top, with low eye cocked upward, she watches his gyrations, as he dips first at the rich color of the honeysuckle, and then dances through beds of petunias and verbenas. "See! my children," she says, "what beautiful, luminous creature! Did you ever see so do so? What if I should go flying about in nothing but sunshine and dew? Don't tell me that a bird can live on such fare as that. Don't it take even meat, potatoes and worms, to keep us alive, and not so a living to get by flying round among roses and jessamines? What nonsense! I shall not believe a word of it!"

If I had the bringing up of that creature, she should learn to scratch and eat corn meal as a Christian bird should! Don't tell me about living on flowers! all transport! and graceful motions! pah! what use for any bird to be nothing else a single worm, or hatch a single chicken?

Many of the judgments which insane beings pass on each other are about as sensible as this.—*N. Y., in the Independent.*

EXTINCT REPTILES.

Among the achievements of science there is none more interesting than the restoration, from our admiration than the restoration of extinct species of animals. Unique relics may be said to have discovered the science of geology, but more that the strata of the earth were laid on, and the changes which have taken place in their species, is a matter of the most curious exercise, and that each class rock, to me the fourth and terrible of all the subjugated of the ocean: but this had not supplied us with the true key with which we unlocked the cabinet of former and embalmed treasures of nature, and strange creatures which were produced during the early formation of the globe.

Comparative anatomy, by which this science is applied what was wanting in this respect, and, by a rigid application of comparative anatomy, a perfect restoration of the extinct species of animals has been effected. Cuvier, the first to apply introducing scores of animals of whose existence we had never previously dreamed.

The construction of an animal, however, when only a small portion of the skeleton is discovered, is a matter of great difficulty, and requires much scientific knowledge. This, however, is overcome by the application of a single bone is enough to indicate the size and structure of the animal to which it belonged. Indeed, from a single bone and the inference of an unknown species of animal were frequently made, which were afterwards verified from it. The truth will show whether the animal was carnivorous or herbivorous, if it lived in the water or on the land, and even to the claws must be made to lay hold of it; and, again, the bones must have been articulated in the first acts, and in a corresponding structure of the shoulder; and in this way the genus and species of the animal could be made out.

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STRENGTH FROM STRUGGLE.

Grown the pale dark before dawn!
Warm shines resplendent o'er dale,
Thrush wells in wrapped in song,
And feed, thy trust, seek grass,
Thy fleece from field and tree,
The regale of high Heaven
A wide awakening day.

Then though thy feet may falter,
Even at early work,
And from Eden's burning ache
The light may be withdrawn,

Yet from thy self-reliance,
From thine inmate in power,
Thou shalt gain a strength
To conquer every hour.

Strong in thy perfect weakness,
Thy strength shall never fail,
Mighty in holy meekness,
Thou wax shall still prevail.

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This humming-bird! child of air and light, winged jewel! ethereal vision! what shall we say of him? Imperceptible as a sunbeam, and as the sensitive in the garden, should deliver to her chicks an opinion of him.

Standing on our top, with low eye cocked upward, she watches his gyrations, as he dips first at the rich color of the honeysuckle, and then dances through beds of petunias and verbenas. "See! my children," she says, "what beautiful, luminous creature! Did you ever see so do so? What if I should go flying about in nothing but sunshine and dew? Don't tell me that a bird can live on such fare as that. Don't it take even meat, potatoes and worms, to keep us alive, and not so a living to get by flying round among roses and jessamines? What nonsense! I shall not believe a word of it!"

If I had the bringing up of that creature, she should learn to scratch and eat corn meal as a Christian bird should! Don't tell me about living on flowers! all transport! and graceful motions! pah! what use for any bird to be nothing else a single worm, or hatch a single chicken?

Many of the judgments which insane beings pass on each other are about as sensible as this.—*N. Y., in the Independent.*

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Among the achievements of science there is none more interesting than the restoration, from our admiration than the restoration of extinct species of animals. Unique relics may be said to have discovered the science of geology, but more that the strata of the earth were laid on, and the changes which have taken place in their species, is a matter of the most curious exercise, and that each class rock, to me the fourth and terrible of all the subjugated of the ocean: but this had not supplied us with the true key with which we unlocked the cabinet of former and embalmed treasures of nature, and strange creatures which were produced during the early formation of the globe.

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Wit and Humor.

MEN OF ONE IDEA.

It has been said human, more than once, that [illegible]

"Good morning, Dr. Jones," said he, as he entered the office of that gentleman.

"Yes," said he, mournfully, "capital weather for the crops, but confounded hard on the poor fellows that can't shell home a hundred pound in forty to market. You couldn't like a five pound note."

He hesitated to inform his thief our lender had already supplied, and not finding particular interested in the time he had given the subject, ventured to touch another topic.

"The Alderman died in a different manner to take Schotepel, Mr. Jones. I suppose you have read the last communication from the seat of war."

"Yes."

"The Simmons have gained a decided victory. It is thought, however, that there is a possibility of the Simmons being cut off, and the Jones's will be compelled, by force of circumstances, to retreat."

"You don't say so!" returned Mr. Jones, "I wonder," he continued, after a pause, his eyes lighting up with a new and brilliant idea, "if I could make whether I couldn't get up a speculation to send a cargo of oranges to Europe? There ain't enough in this city to supply a cent, and if they are in danger of being frozen, we'd they'll be likely to pay pretty well."

We cannot say whether the other visitor ever got a chance to unload his cargo of oranges, or of their otherwise feasible plan.

Poor Jones, like so many others, was one of the dead of his wife. They were married in his age, and black crape on his hat. One eyebrow was [illegible]

"Mr. Jones," said we, "we have heard of your loss, and we feel for you. We have lost a [illegible] but you must summon up all your [illegible]

"I can't know," said he, grasping his hand, "how much you have suffered from the loss of your wife. Mine was a treasure, a jewel, a [illegible] of the ignorance.

"I will then be seen how much may be learned from a few hours. A poor workman, in breaking a stone in Tipton Quarry, England, found a fossil bird's nest deposited in the solid rock. He sold it for a pot of beer to a [illegible] who, not knowing what he had, [illegible] would not have belonged to any known animal. On further search being made, other bones were discovered, and the whole skeleton of the animal was then known. *Now* it were [illegible] of other monsters who suffer from with it; and gradually, as the light science a dark room, the whole country then came back to our people with its strange and wonderful [illegible] and we have only to peer over the pioneers with the [illegible] of the ancient world, and we [illegible] time—so did that it seems to us the meeting of the world. But the whole are very [illegible] and we have only to look at them, and nothing but their bones remain to tell the story of their lives.—*English Paper.*

MEMORY.

Say, is the introduction to his celebrated work on political economy, tells us that he started out in life thinking he could find out all that was intended to write—and then took time to forget what he had read, before beginning to write. Do we forget—with every? cannot say much about the manner's procedure—nor more.

"Please, sir, you told me give the new man to-day, and I've got it. Here's the new man."

"I thought I told you to give the new *name* to-day, and I've got it."

I was not more puzzled than ever. What sort of cement must this Yankee ore be? I resolved to find out. I asked him how he remembered? "Why, I remember by head, then resolved I would inquire again: so I went into the library, where master was writing very busily, and let never what I think looking up—

"I thought I told you to give the new *name* out to-day, sir."

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I looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the station as fast as my short legs could carry me, and left him in possession of a crazy man.—*American Agriculturist.*

KINGS IN A TUMBRIL.—Dick Tinto, the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, tells the following amusing story of Rouge, the eminent French painter:

Rouge was coming from Versailles to Paris in the cars. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before. Almost immediately he entered into conversation with them. They examined him very attentively, and finally one of them asked him—upon his martial bearing, his side old age, his military pantaloons, etc., etc.

Rouge was somewhat puzzled, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train was passing the Chateau of Clichy, the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Verner raised the back of his head to his companions, and never took a single look, emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from Rouge, and were accosting each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark!

Rouge arrived at Paris; and Verner, on inquiring them, said,

Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, 'Which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?'"

A FUL BLOODED AMERICAN.—Tim Mallowday, a Jolly-looking lad, with the richest brogue, applied at the Custom House, the other day, for "partickular" as an American citizen. He asked her his nationality, and could scarcely repeat correctly a line of St. Grose's most excellent principles only; and can define them principles only in his gauge of their merits. Lawyers readily recollect cases, and can repeat the decisions of the law; in the same words of the books. We knew a distinguished jurist, whose advice to his students was, "to take care of themselves what you read, but never trouble yourself about remembering it." To all readers this is salutary advice. There is very little that we read worth remembering; yet anything we read, we, or most, may suggest reflection, and time to look for—the man who reflects the natural papers."

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